## Boeten.

THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All workily shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself most die.
Before this mortal shall assume
its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave mly spiril strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death beheld.
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare.
The earth with age was wan.
The skelends of nations were
Around thus lonely man!
Some had expired in dight,—the brands
till russed in their bony hands.
In plagme and families some!
Earth's cittles lad no sound nor result,
And ships were diriting with the dead
To shores were all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood, With flausitiess words and high. That shook the sere leaves from the wood as if a storm pass of by—Saying, We are twins in death, prond sun, Thy lace is cold, thy race is run, The merey bids thee go: For they ten thousand years Hast seen the title of human bars, That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth ills poune, his pride, his skill; and arts that made fire, flood, and earth. The vassals of his will.—Yet mourn I not thy parsed sway. Than this discretized king of day: For all those trophled arts. And triumphe that beneath thee sprang Hand for a passion or a pain.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men.
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its pitcous pagenns bring not back.
Nor waken fiesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe:
Stretch'd in disease's shape abhord'd.
Or mown in battle by the sword.
Like grass beneath the seythe.

Even I am weary in you skies
To watch thy fading fire.
Test of all sunless agodies.
Rehold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded susp or gurgling breath—
To see thou shalf not issue.
The collipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him Who gave its heavenly spark. Yet think not sun, it shall be dim, when thou thyes! ort dark! Not it shall live again, and shine in bits unknown to benne of thine. By Him recall d to breath, who captive led captivity. Who robb'd the grave of victory—and took the sting from death!

Go sun, white mercy holds me up On nature's awful waste. To drink this last and bitter cup Of greef that man shall taste-Go tell the night that hides dry face. Thou as with the last of Adam's race. On earth's sepulchral clod. The darkening universe dety To quench his immortality.

## Select Story.

Lhe Tragic Story of Emilia Darano.

TRANSLATED BY AN EXILE.

From Harper's New Monthly Magazine. [CONTINUED.]

of me. It was a very short note, in bed two or three hours, and was fast ing me, when I was awoke be the reality of his fierce caresses, and perceived that he was intoxicated-a very unusual thing with him. He suddenly sprang into the was an under-tone of irony in his ex-middle of the room, threw off his clothes, pressions that both disgusted and puzzled and then commenced reciting some verses in Italian from one of the tragedies, the purport of which appeared to bear some reference to a diabolical and unnatural vengeance not unlike that of old Count Cenci. though he mentioned other names. Presently he stopped, drank a glass of water, and then camesliding and bowing toward me in his most elegant and courtly manner. But I had seen this before, and if ever a foul fiend. .... No, he was not mad, or only for a time.

My departure was not long delayed; and though I was still too weak to travel, often having fainting fits, and a singing in my head, Andrengo, at less than an hour's notice, announced that a carriage a dirty old hired thing-was at the door, and I partly walked and partly was carried down stairs, and was put into it. Andrengo sat on the box with the coach-

Arrived in Naples, I was taken to a house on the outskirts of the city, ap-parently the least picturesque locality that could be found, except that Vesuvius was constantly before my vision. Andrengo and two women, who were equally creatures of the marchese, took up their abode with me. I found that I was to be called the Signora Emilia Da rano, and was not to be known as the rane, and was not to be known as wife of the marchese, but only a poor re-lation. It may be well supposed how in-dignant this might have made me; but I was past all that, and scarcely felt it except now and then when the 'thought of my family crossed my mind. I did not even much speculate as to what were the ultimate intentions of the marchese with regard to me. My predominant feeting was a sense of relief and free breathing, and existing in quiet without any immediate expectation of his de ested presence. I once or twice even found myself singing, or at least humming,

Touny supprise, I now discovered that my liberty was comparatively restored. I walked about the gardens not only of the house, but the gardens and vineyards, and even the change groves, of the neighborhood quite shore. No doubt I was valched by some means, but the watching was not apparent. It was merely intimated to me by Andrengo that the mar-chese had strictly forbidden that I should enter, or approach near, the city of Napies. This I cared ittle about. What
were the grycules and brightness of life
to me? The period of his arrival was

far greater was at hand,

Oh, tremble young heart, tremble young soul, when out of too deep a misery there suddenly springs up too much happiness! Enjoy it to the utmost in your power; clasp the present moment to your bosom even as I clasped and was clasped by him, my first, my only love!

During one of my rambles I found my-self entering a lovely wood full of trees of exquisite foliage, and among which there were many flowers and fruit trees that seemed to have planted themselves, and were growing as wild as wild as they were beautiful. Seating myself at the were beautiful. Seating abyser at the foot of one of the most umbrageous trees and opening a book, I tried for a long time to read, but in vain. Vague appre-hensions, an i thoughts as vague, and an inward flattering, prevented me. Misgivings I laid, and knew not about what. Prescribiaents, yet without form orsense of their purport and direction. The same page was read and read again, so unable was I to fix my attention upon the meaning of the words. Still I preserved, with many sighs at my own strange foolish. ness, when gradually the page became obscured by a moving shade. I looked up, and a young man evidently an Italian, passed close by me with a noiseless tread. He had a sweet and earnest tread. He had a sweet and carriest countenance, and when our eyes met he lingered on his way. I could not, I had no power to withdraw my eyes, and after he had loitered onward a few paces, he slowly returned, and paused before me. Ah, what tears!—what tears I am shedding, dear, dear Otty, while any hand writes of this! Flow on, sweet fountain for while anguish mingles with your was for while anguish mingles with your waters, sweet emotions of love's divine passion predominate over all. And yet I can not continue to write this—to describe—indeed, it is not possible, much as I wish to linger, even as ne lingered-

and to relate; or to.....

He could not speak English, but my
Italian seemed better than usual, and,
indeed, he evidently understood what I was about to say almost at the first word; nor was I slow to apprehend his mean-We sat on a green bank side by ing. We sat on a green bank sate by side tooking into each other's eyes I know not how long. No expression, no one word of tove passed our lips, but there was little need of words. When he gently took my hand at parting, the touch ran through my veins. No agreement was made as to our meeting again. He murmured something to that effect, but my voice was lost to me. By wast but my voice was lost to me. By what means I got home I have no idea, as I neither saw my way nor fet the ground beneath me. As for my dinner or my supper, not one morsel could I touch. Remember, my dear Octavia, and who-ever may read this narrative when I am no more, that I was not yet in my twentieth year, and this was my first affection. Not that I was conscious at this moment of the state of my heart, though its constant heaving and flattering might have tola me, one would think. Andrengo and the woman of the house seemed to scrutinize my face more closely than usual, it seemed to me, but perhaps this was

Next day I dressed myself with more than usual care in order to take a long walk; but the looks of these people alarmed me, and I went no further than the garden boundaries. It was the same next day and the day after. Something of what was going on wihin me must have been written on my face. I began to feel that it was so, and shrank from

[CONTINUED.]

Every thing was arranged, and even up my mind to go out at all hazards, a letter arrived from the marchese, informmy clothing was packed, without con-sulting me, during the absence of the marchese for a few days. But he sent mean time he desired to have my porword that he should come to take leave tr 1. This much surprised me, but I pacify Lord and Lady A-, who were which there was an expression of sar-donic devotion that made me shudder. me. Moreover, I was instructed that the He arrived late at night. I had been in bed two or three hours, and was fast subject a full-length figure of Venus, on asleep. A frightful dream was torment- first seeing Adonis, who was to be in the nis to be painted, which showed that he was thinking of himself; and yet there He mentioned a young painter in Naples who had been highly recommen-des to him, named Sebastiano del Piom-I was to go to his studio forthwith, being always accompanied by a dau liter of the woman of the house. I was very little disposed to the sort of painting in-dicated, but glad of the opportunity of

seeing Naples. Accordingly I went next morning, attended by Simona, to the studio of Sebastiano. The recognition—need I say it was immediate?—made the whole floor shake beneath my feet, as it seemed. though no doubt it was my shaking knees. He at once saw my dilemma,and hastened to relieve my embarrassment by informing me that he had expected my arrival, having received a visit from a noble friend of the marchese, who had furly explained his wishes. I was quite unable to reply, and excused myself on the ground of my imperfect knowledge of the Italian language. With regard to the composition and general treatment of the picture, I left it entirely to so accomplished an artist, Something to that effect I stammered out. Ah, my dear—, I had no wish to be flattered into a Venus, even though I saw a living Adonis

stand before me!

We had a preliminary difficulty about the arrangement of the drapery, and I refused to listen to the girl Simona, who assured me that whatever might be thought of such matters in England, it was common enough in Italy, and that she herself had been several times painted as an unchristian goldess without ined as an unchristian goddess without injuring her religion (spattezzasi), and was once modeled in terra cotta and exhibit-ed. This girl was of a far more amiable nature that her mother, and seemed to have taken a kind of regard for me. She was a curious mixture of innocence and immodesty. She would laugh at the most improper things.

As for the number of visits the picture required, they could not be calculated beforehand, any more than they could easily be counted afterward. How happy

After the third or fourth visit, Simona asked my permission to go out for a while to see some friends who resided at no great distance. I was so astonished, delighted, and confused at the request that in my signation I ordered her never to think of doing so; and in a few minutes, when she renewed her request with easy effroncery, I consented, with a foolish air muranting samething about her speedy return. How happy, how speech-

that nothing lasts? Of course it does not: where the period of his arrival was quite uncertain.

Week elepsed. The brilliancy of the climate and scenery charmed me, and my naturally me health began to return. Bussing my temporary release, though locating arrward with borror to the arrivol of the marchese at no distant day. I wanderen among the delicious garlesis and orange groves in the neighborhood, elepsing the air and the odors, and, above all the wonderful luminous indigo blue of the b y, the colors and lights of the sky above, and the peaceful-looking Vesauvius. The city, at no great distance, certainly caused some vague wish and

down alternately. Sebastiano fully com-prehended the danger of my position, as also of his own; but his chief apprehen-sion was on my account. Still we lived our life-lived in our present hour of bliss like the butterfly and the convolvulus. How could we expect it to continue? how usus it to end? And even if the appalling end could have been foreseen, I can scarcely now perceive by what means it

ould have been altered.

Month after month thus passed. Dur ing the first four months of my arrival— the third of my visits to Sebastiano's stu-dio—afew lines from the marchese now and then reached me; but during the last five months not a word. Andrengo last five months not a word. Andrengo hinted that his lordship was seeking to obtain some very high post. I devoutly hoped the difficulty would continue. Only one month had I resided with the marchese in London for our "weeding tour," and yet it had seened like years, to such a pite of utter detestation and and disgust he had brought me.

I was now beginning to persuade my-

I was now beginning to persuade my-self that he never come to Naples. Why should he? What did he really care for me? What was there in me that he could not readily find alsewhere? What self-delusion! One marriage a though selfdelusion! One morning a thunder-clap fell upon my brain! A letter arrived from the marchese, announcing his speedy return, though he could not be

certain to a day.
....So ill—so lost—so continually fainting. I was often prestrated in a kind of conscious, apprehensive delirium. As soon as I was able, and in deafness to the remonstrances of the nurse, as I was re-ally not well enough to go out, I hurried to Sebastiano. The conference and the decision were the agitated work of less than five minutes, and we agreed to fly to France or Spain, and thence to Eng-

Returning home, I determined at once to write to my mother, addressed to our old castle, with directions to be forwar-ded, as in all probability the post-office there would know where to send.. The thought struck me that for greater se-crecy no letter should be written till we escaped from Italy; but having recently ome across a volume of the tragedies of Alfieri, a passage in the opening scene o Mirro had greatly affected me, and I de termined to copy this. My mother would at once recognize my hand, and could not fail to apply the lines to her wretched danghter;

"Mirra Infelice strascina una vita Peggio assii d' ogni morie .... non oso Pinger suo stato orribile: mai puote Un padre intender di donzella il pianto: Tu madre, il puot. Quindi h te vengo."

Having copied these lines and carefully ealed the letter, without writing another word, it was taken to the post-house by Sebastiano. Every moment was now occupied in preparing for flight, or rather in thinking in a most confused manner as to preparations. I packed and unpacked and repacked, and then threw every thing aside as too bulky. My dear infant, of course, greatly enhanced my difficulties. My nurse I could not trust; but Simona's attachment to me had increased. She had greatly taken to my little one, and I resolved to propose to her that she should take the place of the nurse, and fly with us; but I reserved this communication for the last moment. The morning of the day arrived when

we were to fly from Naples, starting from Sebastiano's studio. It was new my vsu-al hour for going out, when a man from the post-house, with two letters in his hand, met me at the door. One was from the marchese to Andrengo; the other was addressed to me in a strange hand. It was only a cover, but it inclosed the letter I had addressed to Lady A -, which was now returned to me! reeled back to my room, and was unable to leave my bed for the rest of the day. With a secret influence like this, it was With a secret influence like this, it was obvious that escape from Naples was scarcely possible. You are no longer surprised, dear Otty, at being so long without any news of me up to this date. What else may be in store, heaven—or the other place—only can know. But I will proceed with these letters whenever I amable. ever I amable.

Early next morning Andrengo sent up word to me by Simons that the marchese was on his way to Naples, and might shortly be expected. I instantly dropped off into a stupor, in which I was con-scious of all manner of anguish, but un-

lerstood nothing. When I came to myself I found I was When I came to myself I found I was still lying in bed, and presently I heard the step of the marchese. My temples throbbed violently, and I felt myself star-ing wildly. He entered my chamber in his most courtly and graceful manner, and in a kinder tone than I ha ever heard him use since our wretched marriage, inquired after my health. I was amazed even to speechlessnes; and udge how this must have been augmented when he smilingly informed me that he had been to Sebastiano's atelier to look at the picture, which he much ad-mired; and he added, carelessly waving his perfumed handkerchief, that he had also been to the nurse's apartment to see the child, and though it was very like me—with some exceptions. He glanced toward a mirror while making this last remark, as if to intimate a resemblance to himself. And yet I fancied he was looking toward my face in the glass. I almost made an inward vow never to rise again from my bed, but to die there. That night I carefully fastened my cham-

I was in some sort obliged to get up in a day or so, but always fastened myself in at night, pleading pains in the head and side. I might have added the heartbarn, for I'm sure my heart burned day and night. The marchese bore all this with apparent unconcern. But one night after a day of intense heat, and during a storm of thunder and very vivid lightning, my door was suddenly burst open, and the lightning streamed into the room as though it had caused the fracture, and in the midst of the broad gleam I saw the marchese. . . . as I had certainly become insensible, and blessed the tempest and the horror that had made me so.

I was again rapidly sinking into a state, as in London, of not caring what became of me, when the marchese abruptly in-formed me that he wished to have the picture taken to his palazzo in the city, and as Sebastiano had told him that a final sitting would be necessary, I had better go directly to his suddo for this one sitting-more, if it was necessary, Had I heard rightly? No doubt I must have looked deaf or stupefies, for the marchese repeated his command.s I could not help thinking there was a latent gleam of sardonic pleasure in his countenance at the mental torture and confusion in which I was placed. Amidst all this I was still only too glad of an opportunity of a few private words with Schastiano, as it was clear this state of things could not and should not contin-ue, and that we must at once settle upon ome plan of ending it. For my part, I was quite rendy to die.

Simona, as usual, accompanied me. Directly we arrived at Sebastiano's door the girl startled me by asking leave to go at once to see a dear friend. It was ob-vious that she had a lover, and, indeed, she sometimes forgot that it was Edoardo and called him Batti.

The instant I entered the studio where Schasiano was sitting with his head rest-ing on both hands, he leaped up in sur-prise, and could scarcely hear me ex-plain why I came, so great was his ex-citement on the necessity of our imme-diate flight. But when I told him of my

curiosity at times, but the the prohibition did not much trouble me. To be alone seemed the greatest blessing, but a far greater was at hand.

tion, coupled with the intolerable thought inclosure to Lady A— having been returned to me, and which he had himself taken to the post-house, he stood the picture of dismay and hopelessness. As taken to the post-house, he stood the picture of dismay and hopelessness. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he at down by me, and we both talked hurriedly of all sorts of things and at the same time, both devising impracticable schemes, all ending in sighs and tears, till it was time for me to depart. Simona was waiting for me below.

Arrived at home, I had to be carried up stairs from exhaustion. The marchese enough The marchese enough the marchese enough that he was not surroused to the surface of the danger to which I should expose my dear Sebastian would now have prevented my telling the marchese every traine for he had

chese remarked that he was not surprised at it, sitting to painters was always very fatiguing. next day I was too un-well to go out; but un the day following the marchese ordered a carriage fo me, and again I went to Sebastiano, the girl leaving me as before.

Remembering the depressed figure pre-spated by Sebastiane at my last visit, my breath was taken away on entering by finding him with a drawn sword, practicing, now at a sarge looking-glass, and now at a small black spot on the wai! I sat down and actually laughed, just as some hysterical people will laugh during a funeral, or when taken unawares by the announcement of a strangely shocking accident. Sebastano looked half offended. He was to write a rew lines to the ded. He was to write a few lines to the marchese, inform him of our mutual devotion, and call him to a mortal contest. As soon as he would listen I represented to him that the marchese, besides his height, lithe movements, and unusual length of arms, was practiced in all sorts of unfair sleights, by means of all which advantages he had killed several antago-nists in duels. I had heard him cooly boast of it. Sebastiano said he did not believe the marchese was a man of high courage. I replied that I thought he was a strange mixture of most cautious appre-hensiveness and desperate courage, like a cat, and that he was equally skiliful,

cool, cruel, and remorscless.
"Then," exclaimed Sebastiano, "I will lay myself open to his wounding, in order that I may make one morial thrust." "Ah, my dear Sebastiano," said i weeping bitterly, "and what would then become of me? You would certainly die of such wounds."

He stood lost a moment, and presently

sized the sword again, and made lunges in the air in a paroxyam of abortive passion. I wept the more to see it.

All on a sudden a new thought flashed

across me. I hurriedly left Sebastiano, saying I would very quickly return. The recollection of the marchese having once tauntingly asked me if I would like a di-vorce had occurred to me. I made my way to the doctor who had always attended me, and whom I much liked, and had a confidential interview with him. He expressed the greatest distress and perplexity at what I told him of the marchese, whose abominations and brutaitties under so courtly an exterior not a little surprised him. In England, he said, I should have a strong case, but the laws were not the same in Italy. He gave me a private note to a great lawyer who resided in the next street, desiring me to ex lain every thing to him, and after that they might confer, and perhaps act in concert. With this most kind ad-vice I immediately made my way to the great lawyer. He listened imperturbably as it seemed, even to things most abn mal in the marchese, and then confined himself to questions with reference to my position with Sebastiano, which, in strict confidence, I was obliged to confide to him. He then shook his head with a to him. He then shook his head with a straight kind of smile, and said that my case proved too much against myself. Of course it did, if the marchese had been suing for a divorce. However, he said he would carefully study and consider the question in all its bearings, and then communicate with Dr. Maurizzic. And I might implicitly rely upon his legal honor (giurisprudenza). I besought him to do all he could for me, and we parted. I found Simona had been waiting some time for me below stairs, and I was obliged to hurry home instantly.

Notices of the Press.

The ever-increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it one of the character sa well as entertaines of the public of the vast popularity has been wen by no appeal to stupid prejudicy or deprayed mater. Because for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, if it has not led either times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitude. The Magazine has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—Brooklyn Engle.

ed to hurry home instantly The picture being still unfinished, the marchese went the next day to the studio to complain of the delay. Nevertheless be appeared much pleased with the painting, and went again the day after, and sat some hours, as he informed me, by the side of Sebastiano while he was at work upon it, greatly admiring his skill, though regretting to ob erve that he often had an unsteady hand. Such talent

ought not to be so over-anxious.

The morning for the final sitting arrived, and the marchese took me in a carriage to Sebastiano's atelier. He com-plimented the artist, and in the most elegant manner insisted upon aiding Simo-na to undress me behind a screen, and adjust the draperies, after which he handed me a glass of water, and then led me to my position as if it were to a dance. He remained with us while the finishing touches were given simona had been sent to his palazzo with a message. If the thoughts and feelings of we three could have been, . . . . [The remainder of the sentence is illegible.]

We returned homeward, but not by a direct route, as the marchese wanted to purchase something in one of the neighboring streets. While we slowly drove along a strange and intense presentiment-or whatever it was-made me inwardly ejaculate, "Divorce! Yes indeed! Why should there be this difficulty? When will the world, with all its civilization and wisdom, see the humanity and morality, as well as the reason and justice, of a divorce in cases where"..... The marchese was reclining on a back cushion, with a half-audible inward sort cuspion, with a hair-audible linward sort of whistling, and careless beating of time with the fingers of his left hand. We drove past the house of Dr. Maurizzio. The door was blocked up by a loose heap of building stones; the windows were all closed, and the batrony full of rubbish. The house was evidently audihabited. The carriage presently stopped, and the marchese, humming part of an air in a marchese, humming part of an air in a new opera, alighted and left me. Words Sucrely if I had been one of the most wicked women in the world, some persons besides a dear friend like you, Otty, will pity me. The marchese re-turned with a basket of fruit or some-

thing. I don't know how we got home. The Detestable dressed him with more than usual care for dinner, and assumed toward me all the fine manners of his first courtship, and something morepr found res ect, superfluous attentions ardor , and sometimes what he intended for loving leers, of a kind that made my flesh creep and the room swim. Then he checked himself, with a courtly bow presenting me fruits, sweet-meats, flowers, as if inspire i with the most delicate admiration. This to me, whom he had treated with every remorseless insult, offense, grossness, containely, in undis-guised resentment and vengeance, on account of my persistent refusal of him when he made his proposals for me! this to me, when he so well knew that I ever grouned within at being the slave and victim of his abborred....

I do not think the wine was drugged. but instead of giving me strength, or acting as a restorative, it rather prolonged the fainting fits to which I was now subject. The marchese must surely have thought me dead sometimes. The won-der is that our so wretched should ever have recovered consciousness.

have recovered consciousness.

The painting was sent to the marchese's palazzo, and he gave a grand festo being in celebration of his return to the higher circles of Naples. As he had never acknowledged me publicly as his wife, of course I was not present. But he invited Sebastiano, and would accept no excuses. Moreover, he praised the young painter before his guests, and specially presented him to several noblemen of

ing the marchese every thing, for he had actually invited him to come and dine with us at our obscure suburb villa, or famille! A few hoursafter hearing of this, Simona secretly placed a note in my hand from Sebastiano, in which he ex-pressed the very same feeling, declaring that only his alarm at what might happen to me prevented him from making the marchese folly aware of all that had passed, and of the unalterable love we bore each other. He came. What else could be do? He did not know what to do or think till be had seen me. And then how could we exchange a word Our very exchange of looks must be avoided. This insuperbable difficulty was, however, easily swept away as the marchese politely excused himself to us after dinner by saying that he had a slight heidache, and wished to take a few turns round the neighborhood gardens. [To be continued next week.]

THE FRENCHMAN'S VERSION OF IT

By far the best explanation we have seen of the Beecher-Tilton scandal is the following by a Freuchman, which, taken altogether, is a very fair solution of the case, and, no doubt, is so understood by his countrymen. Here it is:

"One Grande Erclesias ical Scandal—Three decreases."

Three clergymen in month froubeli-Great excitement in New York and Brooklyn, Mons, Monthing, Tiltong and Brooklyn. Mons. Monthing, Tillong and Beehare have one grande controver-sec. Mons. Moulting is ze pastor of ze Plee-moz surch of New York, discovered by Columbus. Ohio, in 1492. Mons. Monf-ting is necessed of taking ze libartee im-propare wix ze wife of Theodore Beech-are, who is Mrs. Harriot Beecimre Stowe ze mozare of Onkte Tom, ze blind planist. Mons Beechare is also accuse of ze libartee impropure wiz Mrs. Tiltong, daughter of Susan B. Authony, the sister of Mark Anthony, who was make love to Cleopatra. Mons Tiltong have cause ze separushon of Mons. Beechare and his vife. She resides in ze seety of Brooklyn, while he has moved into Elizabeth, New Jerce. Ze congregaseeing of ae Pleemoz Rock surch vill not permit longare Mons. Moultong to preach from zat poolpeet. Ze great ex-citement prevails."

THE Ashland Press tells about a merchant in that neighborhood, who weighed out ten prouds of powder by candle light, and with an arm in usling has been looking with his one eye for his stock of goods and store.

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